

# The Inquirer.

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[ONE PENNY.]

## The Inquirer.

August 5th contains the following Articles:—

- "The Congress of Races."
- "The Feeble Minded." Article IV. By Miss MARY DENDY.
- "The Lesson of Greek Democracy."
- "The Case of Pastor Jatho." By HERR K. SCHRADER.

July 29th.

- "Professor Sanday's Christology." By Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.
- "The Feeble Minded." Article III. By Miss MARY DENDY.
- "The Visit of the Members of the Dominion Parliaments."
- "Christianity and Bahaism."

July 22nd.

- "The Crown of Thorns." By Rev. K. H. BOND.
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## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

## SUNDAY, August 13.

## LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.  
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. F. HALL.  
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road. Closed for repairs.  
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed, re-open September 3.  
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.  
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIES, B.A.  
 Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 6.30, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.  
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. J. W. GALE; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.  
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP.  
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.  
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.  
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.  
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., No Morning Service; 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON.  
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Mr. CHARLES WEISS. Morning Service only.  
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. GEO. CARTER.  
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.  
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Mr. F. EDWIN ALLEN.  
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.  
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road. Closed during August.  
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Mr. T. PALLISTER YOUNG. No Evening Service.  
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. STANLEY P. PENWARDEN.  
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C. Closed. Services will be resumed on September 17.  
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, Wandsworth, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.  
 Wimbledon, 27b, Merton-road, 7, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.  
 Wool Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. J. WILSON.  
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.  
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel at The Knoll, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. C. TRAVERS, of Preston.  
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel. Closed.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street. Closed.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.  
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.  
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS.  
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLACHLAN.  
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.  
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate-street (Presbyterian), 11 and 6.45, Mr. GEORGE WARD.  
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.  
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30.  
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.  
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church. Closed.  
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.  
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVILL HICKS, M.A.  
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.  
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. P. COCKBURN.  
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.  
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS and Rev. H. W. KING.  
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.  
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45, Rev. C. HARGROVE; 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS.  
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church. Closed.  
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30.  
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 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.  
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 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. T. DAVIES, of Wakefield.  
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 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.  
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.  
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.  
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 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.  
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 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.  
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 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.  
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.  
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30. Services resumed, September 3. Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.  
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT OF MARRIAGE.

The marriage arranged between Robert, eldest son of Robert Blake, J.P., South Petherton, Somerset, and Edith, daughter of the late A. S. MacLagan-Wedderburn, M.D., of Pearsie, Forfarshire, N.B., will take place at St. Andrew's United Free Church, Edinburgh, on August 21.

## DEATHS.

COLLIER.—On August 2, at Banchory, N.B., Edgar Collier, of The Hermitage, Snaresbrook, Essex, late Captain London Rifle Brigade, aged 38.

JACKSON.—On August 8, at 6, Hartington-road, Stockton-on-Tees, Lucy Jackson (late of Manchester), aged 86.

NEW.—On August 7, at the Old Lighthouse, East Dene, Eastbourne, Anthony George New, sixth son of the late Herbert New, of Evesham, aged 41.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.



# THE INQUIRER.

*A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.*

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*\*\* All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE summer meeting of University Extension Students at Oxford was opened last week by Lord Haldane with an address on "Great Britain and Germany: a Study in Ethnology." The number of students attending the various courses of lectures is over 1,000, representing more than 20 countries. A very large contingent has come from Germany.

\* \* \*

LORD HALDANE's address was a masterly account of the development of philosophical and critical thought in Germany, with special reference to its expression in political institutions and social organisation. He made the unusual point that it was specially difficult for Britons to understand Germany just because they had so much in common. Its people possessed traits so like those of our own that we were apt to overlook those other traits in which they were profoundly unlike. This was the source of misinterpretations and disappointments on both sides of the German Ocean.

\* \* \*

AMONG the differences of mental habit and tradition between the two peoples he mentioned specially the German devotion to intellectual system, and its expression in military organisation, in commerce, and in education. The general will became much more prominent than the individual will, and Government revealed itself as the

dominant fact. The German system of education, he considered, had many advantages and certain disadvantages. The latter could be mitigated if something of the English Public School spirit could be introduced into Germany without sacrificing the enormous advantage she had over us in the organisation in other respects of her secondary schools. It was not an unmixed good to a country to be over-governed, and Germany was still probably too much governed for that free development of individuality which was characteristic here and in the United States.

\* \* \*

LORD HALDANE concluded with a fine plea for education in mutual understanding. He could think of few things more desirable for the world at this moment than that England and Germany should come to understand each other. But such mutual understanding was not possible excepting on the basis of study and the knowledge that was born of it. On the whole he thought that we were more deficient in this study than the Germans. They knew our literature and our history much better than we did theirs. Shakespeare and Scott were almost as familiar to them as to ourselves. For one Briton that could read and speak German there were five Germans that could read and speak English.

\* \* \*

THE completion of the local memorial of the centenary of Tennyson's birth was celebrated at Somersby last Sunday and Monday. The parish church has been restored, and a replica of Woolner's bust of Tennyson has been placed in the chancel. The Bishop of Lincoln, who unveiled the bust, spoke in his sermon of Tennyson as a Christian poet. Tennyson, he said,

grappled bravely with the problems and religious difficulties of his time. He was always for freedom of inquiry and the advancement of human knowledge. No one had dealt so candidly or so surely with the postulates of a Christian faith. He was always hopeful, not with the breezy optimism of Browning, but more pensively and, as it were, with more sense of struggle. But he was confident in human progress and in the destiny of man.

\* \* \*

No one, the Bishop continued, not even George Herbert himself, had spoken with surer knowledge and sympathy of the old traditions of the village rectory, of the worship of the village church, and of the experience of the country parson. He had expended some of his loveliest stanzas on the ringing of village bells, and no one, not even Milton, had reminded them so powerfully of the appealing music of the college chapel. Then, he was outspoken in his criticism of clerical conventionality, and his noble words in "The Northern Farmer" could not be too often dinned into the ears of preachers. It was a characteristic of Christian poetry as compared with Pagan poetry that it observed the humble and homelier features of life, and saw the beauty of common things and the pathos and significance of everyday events. Those qualities marked the parables of Christ, and they ran all through Tennyson's poetry.

\* \* \*

THE second annual Catholic Congress, which has just concluded its meetings at Newcastle, was marked by the intransigent and unsympathetic attitude assumed towards many of the social and political problems of the modern world. We fear that this is inevitable so long as everything which conflicts with mediæval conceptions



of ecclesiastical authority and the ambitions of the bureaucratic régime at the Vatican is regarded as a sign of religious decadence and apostasy. Archbishop Bourne's address had in it a note of unfriendly menace to the Portuguese Republic, and once again made the abolition of the temporal power of the papacy a ground of attack upon the King and Parliament of Italy.

\* \* \*

"CIVIL independence" seems to be the new phrase in which the papal claims are to be described. Perhaps it is felt to be a little more judicious than "temporal sovereignty." Or does it imply some concession to the realities of the situation? "Civil independence," Archbishop Bourne said, "is of absolute necessity for the free and untrammelled exercise of the supreme pontificate. The supreme head of the Universal Church cannot consistently with the dignity of his office or the exercise of the powers of which he is the depository be the subject of any Government, but must not only possess but freely exercise sovereign rights. . . . It is the duty of the Italian Government to find and to give to the supreme pontificate such guarantees of civil independence as will adequately replace the temporal power which it so ruthlessly and callously destroyed by force of arms in 1870."

\* \* \*

THE women of the Orange Free State have sent a most touching and beautiful letter to Miss Emily Hobhouse to express their deep and affectionate sympathy with her in her long illness. The letter, which begins "Beloved and honoured Miss Hobhouse," and is signed on behalf of the committee by Mrs. Steyn, Mrs. Blignaut, and Mrs. Fischer, bears the signatures of thousands of women from every district of the State.

\* \* \*

THE following translation of the letter appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on Thursday:—

"Beloved and honoured Miss Hobhouse,—We women of the Orange Free State have heard that you are ill. This has so filled us with anxiety that we are constrained to let you know. We feel that if all is not well with you then neither is it well with us. We cannot forget you. Your name will always be linked with the women of our land. When in the dark pages of our country's history we see the picture of our women and children in their misery, then amongst them also arises the vision of yourself like an angel of mercy bringing a ray of light into the darkness. We cannot forget what you did for us, and still less shall we forget what you had to suffer for us. As a monument to your honour there remain the spinning and

weaving schools which you have called into existence in our land.

"These institutions have accomplished something higher than if they had been mere profit-gaining industries; they have saved our girls from their useless existence and imbued with fresh hope those who dragged out an aimless life exposed to great moral dangers. We want to assure you of our deepest sympathy with you in your great suffering. It is our earnest prayer that God may speedily restore you to health—perhaps sooner beneath the cloudless skies and bright sun of our beloved South Africa, which is so deeply indebted to you.—We have the honour to be your loving friends,

"R. T. STEYN.

"C. J. BLIGNAUT.

"ELLA FISCHER."

\* \* \*

THE *Contemporary Review* has long been of conspicuous service to religion by its policy of including papers dealing with spiritual themes. The fact that they are in close company with others devoted to politics and literature only adds to their importance, for it places them in the non-technical and eminently human atmosphere in which the deep things of faith ought to be discussed.

\* \* \*

THE paper in the August *Contemporary* by Emma Marie Caillard on "Historical Fact and Spiritual Reality," is a broad-minded and eminently sensible contribution to the subject. Without any effort to be startling or original it succeeds in steering clear of the rhetorical pitfalls which have beset the path of several recent writers on the subject, and is simple enough to be suggestive. It rejects "the impossible assumption that whether a thing has happened or has not happened is a matter of no importance." But it admits "that too much weight may be laid on history in matters of spiritual concern, not because historical facts are spiritually unimportant, but because they are not of the first importance. They are not the basis, but the outcome of spiritual realities."

\* \* \*

FROM this point of view the article goes on to consider the historical element in the Christian religion and its importance for spiritual experience. The statement that a purely allegorical life would have been as effective for the purpose of conveying divine truth to human apprehension as the Life lived indicates, it is pointed out, a most defective conception of the function of history in human experience. "It would be as reasonable to affirm that the notion of any event, a great revolution or a great war, would be comparable in its results on human affairs to the actual occurrence of the event itself."

WE find ourselves in close agreement with the writer in her denial of any real distinction between the historic Christ and the Christ of Christian experience. "From the time of the primitive church," she says, "down to our own day, the two are One. The Life that was lived in Galilee has been the revelation of the Life that is lived now, with which it is possible to be in touch, the power of which is an experienced fact to unnumbered men and women widely different in spiritual development and intellectual culture."

\* \* \*

WE might, we think, go even a step further, and say that in the first days of the intercourse between Jesus and his disciples, before we can even speak of the primitive church, there never was a moment when he was a purely external figure. Before the words had died from his lips and the light faded from his eyes, the marvellous age-long process of interpretation had begun. The quest of the "historical Jesus" is in some respects an attempt to take him out of the relationships of adoring wonder and deathless affection which were an essential part of himself, and to place him at some point of time, which probably never existed, before he had begun to be the revealer of the infinite Love of God to the souls of men. The only result can be a lay figure in a museum, which may be of some importance to students of spiritual anatomy, but is of singularly little use to religion.

\* \* \*

WE are aware that in some quarters this will not be a popular view. But we ask for its serious consideration. Is this attempt to arrest a great spiritual movement at some special point, with a view to assigning the earlier stage to history and the later one to theology, in any sense reasonable? Life in all its manifestations rebels against such treatment. The life-story of the simplest organism must be regarded as a whole. It is always in process of becoming something different from what it was a moment before. And this is more deeply true of organisms which are high enough to be endowed with the mysterious quality which we call religious influence. We know of no instrument of thought which can map out the frontiers of their personality or define, in language of precision, the terms which it is fitting for surrendered affection to apply to them. Recent philosophy, in strong reaction against mechanical views of nature and history, has recovered this truth of life, which the simple Christian mind has never lost. The Jesus of history cannot exist, even in the dim abstractions of thought, apart from the impression which he creates in the heart of the disciple.



## THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

## THE LIMITATION OF DESIRE.

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IN one of his most familiar poems, "Bishop Blougram's Apology," Robert Browning makes considerable use of a simile which is introduced thus—

We mortals 'cross the ocean of this world  
Each in his average cabin of a life;  
The best's not big, the worst yields elbow-  
room.

Now for our six months' voyage, how  
prepare?

And he imagines two men making the  
journey, one of whom—

Comes on board with a landsman's list  
Of things he calls convenient.

An India screen is pretty furniture,

A pianoforte is a fine resource,

All Balzac's novels occupy one shelf,

The new edition fifty volumes long;

And little Greek books, with the funny  
type

They get up well at Leipsic, fill the next;

Go on! slabbed marble, what a bath it  
makes!

And as he stands amid this pile of luggage,  
which fills half the quayside, the captain  
of the vessel comes along, screws his face up,  
and shouts out to him the cryptic but very  
significant warning, "Six feet square!"

The other traveller, either because he has  
more native commonsense, or because he  
has learned from experience, or because  
he has listened to those who know, has  
taken care to "suit his luggage to the  
cabin's size." Here is suggested a limita-  
tion of desire for the sake of convenience  
and a comfortable passage.

Another simile will suggest a different  
point of view:

"For a soldier who is going a campaign  
does not seek what fresh furniture he can  
carry on his back, but rather what he can  
leave behind;

"Knowing well that every additional  
thing which he cannot freely use and  
handle is an impediment to him!"

That is a limitation of desire as a matter  
of prudence, with a view to freedom and  
effectiveness in action.

There is also a limitation of desire which,  
in the interests of a healthy, happy, and  
fruitful life, is a matter of necessity. It is  
about this that I want to speak to you this  
morning. The strength of a man's life  
lies with his desires. It is like a vigorous  
appetite which is the sign of physical  
health. Eager and manifold desires are  
the raw material out of which a superb  
manhood may be fashioned. A mother is  
never anxious about her child if he is  
always ready for his meals and does justice  
to them. A father may often be harassed  
by his inquisitive son, but secretly he  
rejoices in his urgent and implacable desire  
to know things. And it is characteristic of  
all normal healthy youth to be keen to do  
things, anxious to gain all kinds of ex-  
perience, pushing out feelers into all the  
nooks and folds of life as it lies about him  
on every side.

The driving and lifting power of life lies

in the neighbourhood of desire. The desire  
to live, the desire to win, the desire to  
possess, the desire to stand well in the  
world, the desire to express oneself—to  
name these things is to name but different  
manifestations of the inherent, germinal  
force which urges the developing seed-life  
of the individual towards blossoming.  
Desire lies at the base of all ambition,  
courage, endurance, venturesomeness, en-  
terprise. It is the matrix of every manly  
passion. It is the dynamic of all progress.  
It lies behind the capacity for initiative  
response. It has the place and function  
of the heart in the physical organism, and  
gathers the vital energies in upon itself,  
and sends them forth in recreating, reviving  
pulses to the very finger-tips, as it were, of  
thought and feeling and action.

No man need be afraid, certainly he need  
not be ashamed, of being in possession of  
strong and urgent desires. They are the  
very stuff and substance of the life-force  
in him. They mark and measure his  
potency. They are an index to his possible  
manhood. They suggest his worth. They  
are the capital which lies behind all his  
life-transactions, and give them stability  
and fruitfulness.

And yet they are only effective in the  
highest sense when they are limited.

It will be a memory for not a few of us  
how that in our early youth time the Gar-  
den of Desire was exuberant and luxuriant,  
and tended to a kind of natural riot and  
wildness. In those full-blooded days we  
desired many things, and pursued them in  
their turn with an equal abandon and  
impetuosity. We commonly give a some-  
what dark significance to the word "dis-  
sipation," but using it in a much more  
general sense it is characteristic of the  
earlier stages of healthy life. The very  
brimfulness of the vessel caused a good  
deal of life energy to be lost. We squan-  
dered life with a lavish generosity in vain  
pursuits; we followed pathways which  
lead nowhere, with a boisterous eagerness;  
we passionately served momentary ambi-  
tions; we were exhausted in delusive  
quests; and the very crudeness and un-  
regulatedness of our desires brought them  
into conflict and competition with each  
other, so that there was much waste. I  
do not think that we need to regret those  
days when the virgin strength of the soil  
of our hearts supported all manner of spon-  
taneous growths; but we could not have  
gone on like that and become what we are  
to-day. The strong river flowing down  
where either there were no banks at all, or  
banks that were flimsy, sandy, porous, in-  
efficient, oozes its strength away into  
futile pools and pestiferous marshes; if it is  
to retain its power and its grandeur, and  
its purity, it must find the restraint of  
banks capable of binding it, successfully  
resisting its side pressures. So we found  
the need of the restraint and discipline of  
desire. We learned that the full advantage  
of our natural and native powers could only  
be realised under limitation; their lift-  
ing, propulsive, cleansing powers demanded  
effective restraints. Some of these were  
artificially provided in the form of religious  
sanctions, public opinion, the conventions  
of our class, and generally received ethical  
prohibitions and commandments; and  
these served their purpose until our de-  
veloped will was able autonomously to

choose or refuse, to resist or obey, to reject  
and select, and so fashion the raw material  
of desire into the tissue and fibre of man-  
hood.

But I think that many of us found that  
when we had safely passed the period of  
dissipation we entered upon a period of  
competition which threatened—and in not  
a few of us still threatens—to impoverish  
and disturb the central strength of our  
lives. When we try and examine ourselves  
in order to discover the causes of that  
restlessness and weariness which sometimes  
becloud our lives and threaten our peace of  
mind, our stability of purpose, and our  
best fruitage of manhood and womanhood,  
I think that we shall almost always find it  
to lie in the fact that we are cherishing  
desires which bring us into unnecessary,  
trivial, undignified, often enough vulgar,  
competition with others. One of the  
dangers attendant on the expansion of life  
is the creation of a multitude of more or  
less superficial desires which at once  
fling us into competition with our neigh-  
bours.

The multiplication of desires is the  
multiplication of sensitive points through  
which the world can harass, annoy, exhaust,  
and hurt you. To widen the circumference  
of your life is to put yourself into compe-  
titive contact at more points with those  
whoinhabit the same plane and planet with  
you. And a lot of these points are quite  
trivial, but none the less tend to im-  
poverish the central energies. What is  
wrong with a good many people in these  
modern days is that the circumference of  
desire is too wide; they are being drained  
at too many outlets; and their life tends,  
in consequence, to become weak and  
shallow, liable to exhausting irritation and  
discontent. The world can get at them,  
as it were, at too many tender places.

Will you allow me to take two examples  
of what I mean; the one example being,  
perhaps, more applicable to women, and the  
other to men. If a woman has no desire  
for display, then the decorative splendour  
of her neighbour will have no effect upon  
her. She will have a passing and platonic  
interest in shop windows, but Regent-street  
will quicken no root of bitterness in her  
heart, and Bond-street will nurse in her  
no dark brood of discontent; and morning  
service at church will not threaten in any  
wise the calmness of her mind!

But if the desire for display has hold  
over you, then you are immediately at  
the mercy of a hundred things; the flash  
of a hat, or a gown, or an ornament, or  
an equipage,—particularly if it happens  
to belong to an acquaintance—will plant  
the seed of discontent in your heart;  
there will be an open door for the entrance  
of envy and jealousy; among those in  
whose company you feel yourself at an  
advantage, you will tend to become vul-  
garised by worldly pride, and in company  
where you feel yourself at a disadvantage  
you will suffer mild tortures; you will be  
cut off from happy and helpful intercourse  
and comradeship with many, partly be-  
cause of your scorn and patronising of  
their inferiority, or because of your fear  
of their superior criticism and patronage  
of you. And if you have the means to  
enter into competition on this score with  
your rivals, you will get no permanent  
satisfaction out of it, for there is no end



to the game; the further you get the further you will have to go, and there will always be somebody who will minister unto your despair. This may seem to you to be a trivial thing,—indeed I should be glad if you thought it so, for then you would see how a quite superficial and trivial thing is able, when once it gets foothold, to sap and deflower your soul. In the class of society to which many of you belong there are few things so pitiable and distressing as to see how the desire for display and outward show can vulgarise the standards of life, materialise the life-values, coarsen the ideals, lower the spiritual dignity, impair the moral sense, ruin the soul-quality, to say nothing of the pitiful wastage of money, time, thought, energy, and the neglect of the higher responsibilities, the nobler calls, the divine culture of womanhood.

The other illustration I had in mind was the desire for gain. This is a desire of low grade, for it can only be realised in the augmentation of amounts and quantities. And since the things to be gained are limited in amount, a man can only realise his desire at the expense of another. There is nothing so despiritualising, and ultimately so dehumanising, as the desire to add pound to pound, house to house, acre to acre. It can scarcely fail to be anti-social and selfish. The Roman poet clearly saw that the *auri sacra fames* was the mark of a decadent individual and the sign of a decadent society. It proved so in his day; it must always prove to be so. Jesus knew what he was talking about when he said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven!" for this hunger grows by what it feeds on. You know enough of the world without the need of me to remind you how this desire of gain disintegrates the moral, and degenerates the spiritual, forces of man. You, as well as I, have known men who have gained their world and lost their soul. The desire for gain plunges you into a vulgar scramble, a materialistic competition, along the pathway of which no man ever yet found contentment, and the end of which no man ever yet reached save to find his gains immeasurably outweighed by his other losses. He got there to find his hands full of dust, and even over that he had no security of tenure, while his spirit was soured, his heart hardened, and the fountains of higher life in him were dried up. More than any other thing worldly success is the cause of life-failure. This desire really puts a man in a most undignified position; he is at the mercy of a hundred chances; the luck of a competitor, a financial crisis abroad, the failure of a harvest, the foundering of a vessel, the threat of war, a new invention or discovery, the frailty of a partner, a mere slip of his own, a slight miscalculation, a single error of judgment, and the fabric of years falls about him, and he stands stripped among the wreckage; and with no inward core of deeper personal life to fall back upon for steadiness and support. His life is full of restlessness and anxiety; he cannot find the time, and then he cannot find the desire, for any other kind of life than can be expressed on the debit and credit sides of his bank-book. He never possesses his soul, and

when, at the last, God shall require it of him, he either will not know where to find it, or he will produce so mean, puny, shrivelled, empty a thing that his own shame will be his heaviest judgment.

These are but two examples out of many that might have been taken to show you how desire works; it is, as I said at the outset, the strength and the light of life, but in so many of us the strength is weakness and the light is darkness because we have not learned the ultimate secret of life, the limitation of desire.

For most of us it is true that we have too many desires; too many channels through which our life-energy escapes; we offer to our enemy too many points of attack, and to our tempter too many points of appeal. The secret of a healthy, happy, strong, fruitful life is in the limitation of desire.

The question then comes from the earnest soul, How can I limit my desires?

Not by suppressing them. That has been tried, but the judgment which the moving life of the world has passed upon it is that it is found wanting. We want men and women, we don't want mutilated and emasculated beings who have the outward semblance of men and women. A good deal of oriental society has been built up on the principle of suppression of desire, and that should be a sufficient warning. And if ever the Eastern peoples awaken and cause world-revolution, the first revolution will have to be the dethroning of their ancient ideals in this respect. There is a true sense in which flesh and blood have got to inherit the kingdom of heaven. Dissipation is evil, but the energies that are dissipated are not evil at all. If you are going to rise to your height you want all your powers, and at their fullest use. You want to have the full advantage of the whole strength of your desire. To cut off an offending member, or to strike dead a single part of your whole round of life, may be a last resort, but it is a policy of despair; it is unnatural; and at the end of that surgical operation, however successful, you could not enter into the fulness of the kingdom of manhood, which, after all, is the kingdom of heaven.

Suppression will not do. How then shall we limit our desires? An illustration will serve me here.

It is not an infrequent phenomenon in the interior and more tropical parts of a great continent—a river which for several months during the year flows sluggishly along its shallow channel. The slow waters, moving along between the papyrus banks, ooze through, and form still pools and swamps and quagmires along the shores, at the cost of the main stream, which, if the season is unduly prolonged, will become almost dried up. The area of evaporation is perilously extended. But when the period of drought is over; when the heavy rains begin to fall on the uplands, the river increases in volume and strength; rapidly its bed deepens, and with accelerated velocity the river seems almost to plough its way down the broad valley. And behold, the pools and swamps begin to disappear; they are subjected to a natural drainage due to the suction power of the river

which is now in flood; the waters are drawn back into the main stream.

It is a fact perfectly familiar to the student of psychology that only one idea, or idea-system, can occupy the focus of consciousness at the same time; and so long as it remains here it draws to itself much of the available mental energy which, otherwise, would give vividness and strength to other competing ideas. These diminish in clearness, and fall away towards the periphery of consciousness, leaving the central idea dominant.

It is on lines analogous to the suggestion of these illustrations that I seek to find the true, natural, healthy, effective limitation of desire. As Browning puts it:

'Tis my principle,  
Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize.

You must find and fix upon a sufficient object of desire; it must be lofty, noble, grand; upon it you must set your heart-affections; the stream of your desire must be concentrated upon it, and must flow in fulness and strength towards it, and by the sheer force of its centrality and dominance it will attract all available life-energy to itself; competing desires will fall away towards the periphery of your life, will dwindle and lose their power, not because you have suppressed them by self-mutilation, but because the energy which was oozing away through them has been drained inwards towards the main stream, and is reinforcing it upon the object of your chiefest desire. The siren voices no longer allure you, not because you have stopped your ears with wax, but because your attention is concentrated elsewhere. There is nothing new in this; every young man knows what I mean; his period of dissipation, whatever form that may have taken, came to an end with the arrival of some great, compulsive, sufficient object of desire—the love of a good woman, or the call of a noble career—and upon this his life-energy became concentrated; and so potent was the natural attraction exerted by that central flood that other desires fell away as the leaves of a twig will drop off when, at the call of the tree's heart-demand, the sap withdraws to the centre.

It is precisely this same thing that happens when, in what we call religious conversion, a weak man becomes strong, a dissipated man becomes steady, the undisciplined life becomes erect and dignified, the wasted life suddenly reveals qualities of richness and power. What has happened? At a convenient moment, and in a suitable atmosphere, the Jesus-idea and the Jesus-ideal, clothed probably in the flesh and blood form of the Jesus-person, were placed at the focus of the man's mind and at his heart's core; thitherward the central stream of life desires flowed, and with such voluminous strength, with such impetuous flood, that other desires withered like unwatered plants in the sun, other objects of desire faded from the man's vision; he saw Jesus only; he desired only the heavenly places with him. The upward calling in Christ Jesus helped him to forget not only the things behind, but the things around also. If that idea and ideal—if Jesus—could not hold the focus of the



man's mind, conversion was followed by backsliding; if it held, however suddenly it might have been placed there, the life was permanently changed, enriched, uplifted.

Our desires, then, are to be limited by the finding of a sufficient object for the main stream of our life-quest and life-service, so that this may exert a natural attraction over the energy which is now being wasted in trivial issues, or employed on such ends as bring no satisfaction and add no worth to the soul. It is all very well for me, in this fashion, to disclose to you the secret, and the way, of life. If you are wise you will want not simply to know the secret, but to possess it; not simply to see the way, but to walk in it.

If there is one soul here that is becoming exhausted by multitudinous and conflicting desire, feels that life is being wasted on a score of trivial ends, knows by experience what I have meant when I have spoken about desires which fling one into futile competition with others for things that are not vital, or even important; is conscious of life-energy being dissipated, oozing away as surely as the days are slipping away; is wearied by restlessness and discontent because of quite superficial wants, artificially created, and satisfied with an impermanent and fruitless satisfaction, at the cost of central energies and vital strength:—this is your way back into strength and inward rest. Limit your multitude of desires, by establishing a great one, central, absorbing, imperious. Name some name, attach yourself to some high cause, set some noble ideal before you and concentrate on it with fervour and passion; follow the Christ. It is not necessary for you to attend first to this desire and then to that, pruning, checking, cutting off and casting from you; the very attention you devote to this end will defeat its own object. Seek first the kingdom. Get the centre right and the circumference may take care of itself; get the centre strong and the circumference will fall into its right place. Don't bother with tricky and petty ways about draining the pools and the swamps; deepen the main stream. It is the Master who is ever the Saviour, too. The masterful, holy passion, the enthusiasm of loveset on some high and worthy end, the pure flame of central desire burning upward to a divine point; it is this concentration which will save you from all the evils of exhausting dissipation, it is this limitation which will make possible to you the highest self-fulfilment.

## LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

### ROAD RAMBLINGS.

I WISH that some poet would arise to sing in praise, not only of the beauty, but of the interest, the memories, the meaning of our country roads. For their loveliness is manifest to every eye that chooses to see it, whether approached by the medium of the humble cycle, the lordly motor, the caravan, or just the mere

"streel" along of a fine evening in mid-summer, say, when every tree, every blade of grass breathes forth fragrance and vitality; when the hedgerows, those happy refuges of sweet singing-birds, are wreathed about with woodbine and wild roses and banked up with graceful ferns of sorts; successors, these, of the

" . . . blossom of the May,  
(that) comes in beauty and in beauty blows away."

Earlier there is great charm in the bare boughs, crimson and russet showing their delicate tracery against the cold blue sky of March. Beneath, the primroses show in generous profusion, and as the wayside grass grows with the advancing season they fade away like faint stars before the coming dawn, or as though washed down, engulfed by the rising tide of summer growth.

Autumn, with its brisk airs filled with the pungent aromatic scent of fallen leaves; with its gorgeous colourings, scarlet and crimson and olive green and gold; and O the glory of over-arching elm and ash when decked out in all this bravery!—what a charm these dear, familiar things have! They are our own; and perhaps to some of us their very familiarity makes them of small account in comparison with the unaccustomed objects we marvel over, those of us who can take our walks really "abroad," I mean, in foreign parts. But there are others, with a spirit worth cultivating, who love the very way-side weeds because they are old friends, and who hold that mere common wildling, the blackberry, in high esteem; and with reason, too, for what plant is more graceful in growth, and what exotic can show sprays of more brilliant hues?

In winter, our roads are at times a trifle grey and lonely; when days of close, heavy rain have washed the last trembling leaves from tree and hedgerow; when our ways are almost impassable tracks of mud and small pools. Even then, let the sun but shine, and what a beauty does the road not take on! Its wet surface reflects the blue or purple or white-cloudlet effect from above. Sometimes, as one drives along, there seems to stretch a roadway of gold in one's rear, shimmering and glorious.

Rarely enough have we snow; but when we have, its very infrequency lends it additional charm. Not many seasons ago we had a fall unusually important. There was a strong north wind which blew it across a wide ditch and fence of thorn and ash on to the roadside, where it formed itself into mounds of gently-curving form, curiously thrown up, here and there, into strange peaks and over-hanging ledges, and with the most wonderful cold blue shades in its whiteness. One felt that here were Alpine shapes and colourings, in miniature, to be sure, but what will not a lively imagination do! And behold! as we sally forth towards evening, to see how the youthful spirits are faring who have contrived a toboggan on the side of a swiftly-sloping field, we raise our eyes towards the far-away Dublin hills. They are of course covered with snow. The setting sun just touches them, and there we have, faint but inconceivably lovely, the roseate tints of which travellers tell

us who have climbed among the mighty Alps themselves. It lasts only a few moments; then the grey twilight and swift darkness come down, and its hey! for home and the warm fire-side.

So much for the beauty of the roads, and what one sees from them. But what of their associations, of the stories they have to tell?

To begin with, see the curves they take; and why? For the most part they start as if for some end plainly in view, run a few hundred yards, then, wilful as some spoiled young beauty, they turn and double back upon themselves. Why? Why has

"No line or compass traced its plan;  
With frequent bends to left or right,  
In aimless, wayward curves it ran."

Perhaps it began as a foot-path which never runs straight; it wavers here, it wavers there, gains its goal finally, no doubt, but preserves all the old turns. . . . If only one knew why! If only they could be constrained to yield up their story!

There are some roads which are fairly straight. Cromwell's military roads, as unbending as himself; the old coach-roads, too, run sometimes as if by rule and measure. Here is one leading from Dublin right to Galway, broad and level and firm still under foot. Here and there as one passes along it curious depressions are to be seen where the road sinks below the level of the fields on either hand. These hollows are artificial, and they preserve the memory of the black Famine year, showing where employment was given to starving men who were paid to cut away hills upon the road. There still singers in living memory the horror of such things. A sensitive child, driving with her father then, cannot readily forget coming upon a gang of weak, pale spectres, labouring at such design for sixpence, nay, fourpence a day! of thin hands held up from the trench that was part of the work to receive share of the bread with which people who still had any to divide would provide themselves before going forth, for distribution.

Not far, either, is a house where there still exists the huge oven hastily contrived there to bake bread every day. The master would carry it to his entrance gates, and hand it to the people fleeing by from the West hoping somehow to escape. But many fell by the way, just lay down and died, for "the Famine wouldn't wait," so I was told by an old lady who had lived through these things. Close by her stately home there ran a road, also due to Famine Relief work. I daresay then it led to houses, but nothing remains of them now except little pathetic mounds, and the road itself just wanders on, and then loses itself amid heather and grey boulders. How easily it can all be reconstructed! Very little imagination, some lovely, lonesome evening, when the sunshine lies on the bare hillside like a cloak of light, and there appears above such a mound a shapeless cabin and a gaunt, wild-eyed woman who cries to a passing stranger with fishing-rod in hand, "Keep back! keep away! the Fever is on us!" There seemed nothing better to do than to lay money on a stone hard by, and pass



on, and thus at least avoid spreading the plague. But think of the woman whose despair did not prevent her from uttering that warning cry! And the road has many such tales to tell; tragical, I know, yet often relieved by such touches of heroic self-forgetfulness. And all that is past and gone, and though the roads keep record of strange and sorrowful and dreadful happenings, they bring kindly and pleasant things to mind, too; light-hearted, if lightly-clad children; old people straying to and fro, and basking in sheltered sunshine; and year in, year out, the changing beauty of wayside tree and flower.

### AMERICAN SUMMER-SCHOOLS.

In the course of my two months' teaching pilgrimage in the United States, I have seen several summer-schools at work, and have admired their aim and spirit.

The University of Wisconsin stands, proudly domed, on a hill overlooking the lake of Mendota; and it has a remarkable supplement of buildings in the shape of a science hall, physics laboratory, chemical laboratory, school of horticulture, college of agriculture, &c. For six weeks young men and women flock to the University summer-school from all parts of the States. Robust and lissom, fond of boating, bathing, and other athletics, they also give their minds earnestly to the pursuit of knowledge. Seven o'clock breakfast being dismissed, one sees them, books under arms, trooping up the green Campus, and past the statue of Lincoln, to the portico of the University. At 8 a.m. they are listening to the opening lectures of the day, making notes, and both hearing and asking questions. I sat with students in class more than once, and wondered whether, in ancient Athens, the grave philosophers ever had more diligent hearers. And whenever I listened to Americans expressing doubts as to the ability of their country to emerge from the chaos of economic, political, and racial difficulties, I always thought of the army of earnest students in a thousand colleges; and I never shared the doubts. The subjects of study are the ordinary University courses, and, at Madison, the ethical summer-school provides additional courses in philosophy, ethics, social science, and education. This last topic had brought me within the charmed circle, and, in the State Historical Library, I taught children daily for ten days in the presence of parents and teachers.

From early morn to dewy eve, I spent one long July day at Chautauqua, N.Y., where Mr. George E. Vincent directs affairs, and where I was privileged to meet his venerable father, Bishop Vincent (Methodist denomination). The settlement is enclosed within walls and gates, and its frame houses are crossed and interspersed with leafy avenues and lawns, and rustic bridges span miniature gorges. In July-August, some ten thousand persons dwell in this studious town, and nearly half of these will go to classes or meetings of an instructive character.

Orthodoxy presides over the whole scheme, but I saw tokens of a liberal tendency which will assuredly increase. A curious sign of the orthodoxy which founded Chautauqua is a huge relief-map of the Holy Land, carved out of the ground, and dotted with pools to represent the Dead Sea and the Lake of Gennesareth. On the other hand, one observes an excellent series of rooms devoted to art—school art, artistic handicraft, sketching clubs, &c., and the July issue of the *Chautauquan* is wholly given up to an illustrated history of the great schools of painting. There is a spacious amphitheatre whose sides are open to the air, and seating a multitude for services or concerts. Here I conducted a children's class, with some five or six hundred people as audience; and so marked was the interest shown that a large number re-assembled later in the day to ply me with questions, problems, and objections.

During my concluding week, I gave demonstration-lessons at two summer-schools in the metropolis—at Columbia University and New York University. At both of these institutions, head-teachers, school-superintendents, supervisors, and other such persons had come together from all quarters of the United States to confer on matters of educational interest, and I was greatly struck by the alertness of ideas and the keenness of discussion. At Columbia, for example, I attended a lecture by Dr. McMurray, lecturer on elementary education, and author of a useful and sensible manual on *How to Study*. Women and men propounded questions, and pressed them home insistently, and kept Dr. McMurray occupied for the best part of an hour. One problem in particular was that of the relation between instruction and practical life. Should all lessons be consciously aimed at specific developments of conduct? Were teachers qualified to prepare their scholars for practical affairs and politics? Might subjects be included which were not obviously and immediately connected with the utilities of daily experience? What were public-spirited teachers to do who entertained ideals of civic progress, but felt chained and bound by conventional routine and regulations? And so on. I may here remark upon the frequency with which this topic of practical results of teaching has cropped up in the course of my tour. Almost an abnormal dread appears to be experienced lest moral lessons should end in mere emotionalism, and the pleasures of imagination, such as happens in the case of hardened playgoers who do not attempt to fulfil social obligations. I do not share this dread. The teacher should select his themes with the most intense carefulness, so that, implicitly and explicitly, they should be organically related to life and manners. After that, he should trust to the natural law of activity in the human soul. Man has a passion for translating ideas into actions. Bad men, equally with good men, are perpetually engaged in this translation, and the cases of indolence which we meet from time to time are only instances of defect and disease.

F. J. GOULD.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.*

#### RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN PRUSSIA

SIR,—I beg to thank you for the insertion of my letter in your issue of August 5. In the same number you make some remarks, to which I may perhaps be allowed to reply.

You suppose the conditions of ordination in the Protestant Church of Prussia justify the action of the "Spruchkollegium," but the ordination oath mentions the Scriptures as the *sole* standard of faith, and the Confessions of Faith are mentioned as testifying the truth of the Scriptures, but they are not themselves made standards of faith. What I have already said with regard to the Confessions of Faith holds good of the ordination oath.

Of course the greatest differences of opinion exist between orthodox and liberal parties, as to the interpretation of the Scriptures, as well as of the Confessions of Faith. Religious liberals have always clung tenaciously to their right to search the Scriptures as well as the creeds. You seem to advise German liberals to learn from the example of Englishmen in their struggles for religious freedom and seem to advocate the creation of free religious sects in Germany. German liberals gladly recognize that the struggles for religious freedom in Britain during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are a splendid achievement, not only for Britain, but for religious freedom all over the world. But for German liberals to imitate their example in forming religious sects in the twentieth century would be a great mistake. The circumstances in Germany in the twentieth century are very different. Religious freedom is guaranteed by law and differences of creed are no longer a legal disability to fill a public office. The examples of religious inequality mentioned by Edward Bernstein are practical violations of the law; no amendments of the law are necessary, but these will be removed by an energetic administration of the law in a liberal direction. If liberals were to withdraw from the National Church they would only be encouraging orthodox parties to narrow the limits still more closely, whilst the newly-formed sect would be long doomed to impotence. Religious liberalism *within* the Church cannot be destroyed; indeed, it is even now a factor of considerable importance and may hope to realise its great aim within a measurable distance of time, namely, to establish an equality of rights for orthodox and liberal tendencies within the Church. The upbuilding of a free German Protestant Church is possible, and would alone be capable of confronting the immense Roman Catholic organisation.

I must leave it for you to decide whether the above remarks are worth being submitted to a wider circle. In any case I am much indebted to you for your willing-



ness to present the views of German religious liberals to English readers.—Yours, &c.,

K. SCHRADER.

Berlin, August 8, 1911.

[We are as far as possible from wishing to encourage separatist sects in Germany, provided it is possible for liberals to remain within the State Church without any straining of conscience or mental reservations. We have no love of separation for its own sake. If, however, the Confessions of Faith have to be accepted as statements of the truth of Scripture, as they were undoubtedly believed to be at the time they were drawn up, it would appear that the doctrinal conclusions to which the study of Scripture must lead are determined beforehand; and there is consequently a larger and more definite restraint upon freedom than is quite compatible with the liberal position. But we have no wish to press a point in casuistry or to appear as a judge in circumstances where differences of national temperament and tradition make a complete understanding difficult. We thank Herr Schrader very cordially for the courtesy and illumination of his letters, and would express our cordial and unabated sympathy with all who are struggling for the larger freedom of the Spirit.—ED. OF INQ.]

#### THE CASE OF PASTOR JATHO.

SIR,—The condemnation of Pastor Jatho by the new board of theological "Triers" in the Prussian Church raises questions of the deepest and most practical interest for all who believe in the vitality of progressive religious thought, and desire to maintain a truly catholic fellowship in the Church. I confess to a warm sympathy with the view expressed by Herr Schrader in his letter of last week, that the liberals must vindicate their right to an equal place in the national Church, and I should be glad, with your permission, to call attention to another utterance, by a distinguished liberal theologian, making in the same direction.

Professor Troeltsch, of Heidelberg, contributed to the *Christliche Welt* of July 20 an article on "Liberty of Conscience," with reference to the Jatho case. For a parallel to the present position of liberal Protestants in Germany he turns to the old days of conflict under Elizabeth and the Stuarts in this country, when the plea for liberty of conscience was met by the demand of conformity, and ultimately a great part of the nation was driven out of the Church. But before that happened, Cromwell had shown a nobler spirit in his administration of the church, aiming at a broader tolerance and an inclusive fellowship, such as the catholic piety of Richard Baxter approved. That ideal, Professor Troeltsch holds, answers to the desire of by far the greater number of liberals among German Protestants to-day, and he estimates that at least half of the people in the Church are on their side. In Switzerland (as Professor Werle also points out in a recent number of the *Christliche Welt*) such liberty of conscience within the church is already enjoyed, and this is what the German liberals desire and claim. They do not want to go out, and so break up the church

of the nation into a number of separate communities; their aim is to vindicate freedom within the church, according to the true spirit of Protestantism, with greater independence of congregational choice of pastors, according to their various needs.

How the end is to be gained is not yet clear, and it is difficult for us to judge of a very complicated situation; but there is no question as to the determined spirit which now animates the leaders, or of their strong conviction that it is best for the maintenance of a vigorous religious life in the nation, that they should hold to the church of their fathers, and prove that there is room within its fellowship for all parties, and certainly for the friends of progress and liberty of thought, and for a religious ministry that answers to modern needs.—Yours, &c.,

V. D. DAVIS.

Bournemouth, Aug. 9, 1911.

#### FORCED LABOUR IN SAN THOMÉ.

WE have received for publication the following letter addressed to the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society:—

SIR,—We have made the fullest inquiry possible into the question of servical labour on this island, though, unfortunately, the vessel having less cargo than usual to discharge here, our stay was shorter than on any previous occasion. We were able, however, to obtain authoritative information on several points, some of which will, I am sure, be welcomed by the Committee.

With reference to the further importation of servicaes, I am glad to say that we cannot trace any recent shipment from Angola, and the report that this had been resumed appears to have arisen from the formal registration of the s.s. *Cazengo* for carrying 300 servicaes. The Committee may, I think, rest assured that, for the time being, the traffic in servicaes between San Thomé and Angola has ceased.

It is also satisfactory to note that the immigration of Mozambique labourers is not only maintained, but apparently on the increase. We were unable to obtain the statistics of this immigration, but these have been promised to me at a later date.

The Mozambique labour is, however, quite inadequate, and there is a general expectation that the shipment of servicaes from Angola will recommence in the near future. The question remains of those at present on the islands. There must be at least 30,000, gathered from the hinterland of Angola, who see little hope of a return to their homes, but it is encouraging to note that repatriation has definitely begun. During the year 1910 15 men and 2 women returned to Angola. In January last the s.s. *Zaire* conveyed to the mainland 53 adults and 10 children. In February and March 3 and 5 adults respectively were repatriated to Angolan ports. Whilst the fact of such repatriation is encouraging, the number cannot be regarded as satisfactory. Any suggestions for accelerating this repatriation are met with the remark that the servicaes have been taken from territories so far inland that they could not find their

homes again; many appear to have been taken from the Congo.

The Committee will remember that Mr. Consul Beak and Mr. Joseph Burt both reported upon the traffic in slaves which takes place on the Congo-Angola border. A gentleman who takes much interest in this question has suggested that co-operation between the Belgian and Portuguese authorities would bring about the return to their homes of several thousands of the servicaes. This suggestion is more practicable than appears at first sight. Belgium undoubtedly has the right to ascertain how many of her subjects are in San Thomé and Principe, and it would not be difficult to find a means of identifying them. It would only require a small commission of white men, accompanied by half-a-dozen intelligent natives representative of the different Congo tribes. If such a commission could be formed with the goodwill of the Portuguese Government to visit the rocas on the islands, they would very quickly ascertain the districts from which the servicaes were taken. The members of every tribe carry their identity marks on the face and chest, and natives of the Congo accompanying such commission would at a glance recognise their fellow-tribesmen. We trust the Committee will bear this suggestion in mind, as a possible means of accelerating the repatriation of the 30,000 slaves now on the cocoa farms of these islands.—I am, yours faithfully,

JOHN H. HARRIS.

San Thomé, May 26, 1911.

#### DEFINITION OR DEVOTION.

SIR,—I am sure many, besides myself, will feel grateful to Mr. Whitaker for becoming more explicit and definite in his last letter. I believe he is as eager for definiteness as I am; and I failed to see how definiteness could be avoided where a "watchword and all-uniting basis" were involved. I agree with Mr. Whitaker that "we want spiritual passion," although he directs it to Christ, apparently, than to God. I sympathise with Mr. Whitaker's yearning for a "concrete manifestation" of God; but I should scarcely be prepared to say that "to be in touch with the best concrete manifestation that God has made of Himself" is to be in touch with Him "absolutely." "God in Christ" is, apparently, the absolute God, according to Mr. Whitaker. I doubt whether this uniting basis of "God in Christ" would be acceptable to our churches. I agree with him regarding our connection with the past. But the strange thing is that Mr. Whitaker does seem to me to break with it at the most vital point, for he stops with the apostles' theory of theology, and does not go back far enough, to Christ himself. Mr. Whitaker has inveighed against theology with all his might, but why stop with Paul, the theologian of all the theologians, and whose theology in many respects is so antiquated? If "God in Christ" is not a very "stiff dogma," and a hoary one to boot, I do not know what is. I sympathise with Mr. Whitaker's desire to make the manifestation of God not as "concrete," but as real as possible. I think, with "Moses" that it is a dangerous thing to



liken the Almighty to any human or earthly image, however perfect that image may be. But this does not prevent our trying to make God more real to us. I am sorry if Mr. Whitaker has failed to find the real, and has experienced only "vague religious aspirations and gropings after the Infinite and Unseen." Realising the real in religion is certainly a matter of degree, but as Dr. Drummond says (*Studies*, p. 116), "We are not, because our knowledge (of God) is limited, to adopt the position of the agnostic, *we know enough for religion and for life*." When I consciously thank God for all his goodness to me, or in the depths of my distress say to Him, "Not my will but Thine be done," it is not Jesus that I have in my thoughts at all, but the great living Spirit of this universe who, I feel, holds me in the hollow of His hand; but whom Jesus, nevertheless, has taught me to trust, to believe that He is good, wise, loving. I accept his interpretation as the only satisfying one. For, important though Jesus' own life is, I think his teaching is equally important. The spirit of his life is inspiring and ennobling; but the spirit of any human life can scarcely be called religion. It may be religious. There must, at least, be two beings in relation to each other before there can be religion. For, to me, religion means communion of the soul with God, friendship, fellowship with Him, in which there is peace, strength, joy. Hence it is not enough only to know what the spirit of Christ's life was, but what produced the spirit. And, fortunately, he has not kept the secret to himself. It sprang from *his interpretation of God's attitude to man*. He interpreted Him as the Spirit of a free unmerited love, and as a Father who loved all his children. Jesus is the great interpreter of God's attitude to man, and Teacher of what man's attitude should be to God. What clearer conception of devotion, of piety, of "direct and absolute personal loyalty" can one wish for or hope for than that which finds definite expression in the words "Not my will, but Thine be done," and which Max Muller, I think, said was the supreme prayer of the world. That is absolute devotion and piety; and it does not lose, but gains a thousandfold, because it can be so clearly defined. It was Jesus' belief concerning God's attitude to man and his own attitude towards God that produced the beautiful spirit of his life. And should his life at any time be proved to be a fiction, as there are many who try to prove it so to-day, there will remain this teaching for us, which, in my opinion, will always remain the highest. The Person of Christ is practically only known to us through the Gospels. If we had not that record to appeal to we should not know what Christ was like, or what a Christian should be. That Person is really a picture drawn for us in the Gospels. But the teaching remains, whatever becomes of the reality behind the picture, and that teaching will become an "objective conscience" in the lives of parents, friends, and the living great ones of to-day.

Mr. Whitaker says, "What unites men in churches is not a set of stiff dogmas but the vital spirit of religion; then there remains upon our hands a task of immense importance and difficulty, the task, viz., of giving a definite and unmistakable aim to the life of our community." I quite agree

with him. Although a definite theology, based on scientific principles, would in my opinion be of the greatest help, the time has not yet come for our churches as a whole to adopt any such system; still, such enlarged definition was not what I contended for in my Liverpool address. I did not plead for a "set of stiff dogmas," but just for that "vital spirit" which Mr. Whitaker himself contends for. I tried to give expression not to what shall be, but to what has been "a definite and unmistakable aim" in "the life of our community," and which can be found in the works of Priestley, who is said to have made our group of churches conscious of their community. In the first article of my Credo I expressed the belief, not in a mere stiff lifeless dogma, but a living practical principle, which Dr. Drummond (*Ibid.* p. 117) calls "the cardinal doctrine of the great monotheistic religions," which "freed the heart from its perturbations," and has given "perfect satisfaction and peace." And this belief he maintains (p. 188) is not only religious, philosophical, Christian, but it "accords with our accumulating scientific knowledge." Or, as the late Master of Balliol College, Oxford, in his "Evolution of Religion," says (vol. I., p. 235): "Religion . . . is always the consciousness of a divine power as the principle of unity in a world, of which we are not only spectators, but parts. *Indeed, the presence of this unity as an element or presupposition of our consciousness is the only reason of man's being religious at all.*" This is the great "presupposition of all our rational life," and "of all our knowledge" (p. 146). "We cannot say a single rational word without expressing or implying a principle of unity" (p. 165). "The idea of God . . . is . . . the ultimate essential principle of our intelligence" (p. 68). When we are conscious of such unity it "continually lifts men above the finite, or forces them to seek for something stronger, higher, better" (p. 166). It was this that caused the Aryans to come "upon other races like superior beings whom it was useless to resist" (p. 257). Such a belief as this is no mere fossil, but is a living active principle, "cardinal," as Dr. Drummond calls it truly, "fundamental" as others have called it. And in the remaining three articles of belief in my address the second was no "stiff dogma," but it expressed our spirit or attitude to God's truth, the attitude of free and fearless inquiry (also preached by Priestley, and is one of our great traditions). The third was no "stiff dogma," but it expressed the spirit of true piety, Christian piety, and which accounts for no small number of saintly lives in our calendar, practised and preached by Priestley and many after him. The fourth was no "stiff dogma," but it expressed our spirit of philanthropy, which has been a notable characteristic of the Unitarian name, practised and preached by Priestley and a long line of noble workers. I tried to face the facts, to see clearly that we cannot escape the name that others will always give to us, and to find the connotation as well as the denotation of that name. I did not try to find something of my own, and say "This ought to be your all-uniting basis," but I tried to find what actually is our all-uniting basis, and I believe I found it in

living principles, producing a living spirit, which has given "a definite and unmistakable aim to the life of our community." For to the outside world we do not stand merely for the denial of one great doctrine, but we possess a certain spirit; as a Wesleyan acquaintance once said to me, "You Unitarians stand for all that is progressive and good."

Having derived my all-uniting basis from our spirit and history, I think that it will naturally be more acceptable to our churches than Mr. Whitaker's basis of "God in Christ." Although neither will ever be accepted officially in all probability, still it will be a great benefit to us when we become conscious of what the bond of union actually is; for the not being conscious of it has been the cause of much stress and strain amongst us; and if this feeling can be banished the gain in every respect will be, I think, enormous.

I don't know that I have anything more to say in this discussion; we have reached definiteness now on both sides, and I think we understand each other.

E. D. PRIESTLEY EVANS.

Bury, July 31, 1911.

#### MORAL HERESY.

SIR,—I fully expected to find in this week's INQUIRER some reply to Mr. Gow's article, "A Study in Moral Heresy." The absence of such reply is my apology for this letter, for I certainly think that the article provokes and requires criticism. In the first place, I admit that, superficially, there seems to be reason both for the study and the article. We can all point to many people thinking themselves daring and gifted souls who are, or would be, actually sordid and improper persons; and a lot of the talk we hear about "kindred spirits" and "soul emancipation" is at bottom humbug and folly. But for all that, many of the thinkers who seem to shock Mr. Gow and Mr. Jacks by criticising, and perhaps objecting to, our most sacred conventions, do so in all honesty and in the name of idealism. Moreover, they willingly suffer the "results" which seem to have been too much for clever, weak-kneed Mary, the so-called New Woman.

Personally, I think that Mr. Jacks has let himself be needlessly alarmed by the strange gestures and mouthings of a few eccentrics who have attached themselves to the new social Idealism, and whose like are to be found like moths, fluttering round every new expansion of Idealism. Christianity itself was bothered with these pests, and we should remember that Christianity was condemned for its results; compare, for example, Minucius Felix.

It is, I venture to think, a great mistake to seek the suppression of new ideas because of these eccentrics; and, after all, why should we be so afraid of young people making fools of themselves? In Meredith's phrase, there are those who "escape the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown"; and St. Paul gloried in being a fool for Christ's sake. Further, if we take the extreme and improper developments of modern social Idealism, and point to certain results which are merely nasty, and for the most part only affect the individuals



themselves, the Idealism arraigned can turn and point to the extreme and proper results of mid-Victorian convention, which are abominably un-Christian and immoral, and pollute the springs of social purity and health. For instance, in "Middlemarch," that revolutionary mid-Victorian, George Eliot, makes Mr. Brooke remark, "She may read anything now she's married, you know."

In conclusion, nothing is more fallacious than to set up that hideous stalking-horse "logical results" in order to combat a new idea. In the first place, it makes against any doctrine of human freedom. In thesecond place, there are no such things, except for the Absolute, as logical results, as is seen by the fact that logical results always result in a *reductio ad absurdum*, which, for instance, makes fools martyrs, and martyrs fools. And thirdly, the logical results are just what we choose to make them. Therefore, I think that every new flight of thought, no matter how flighty, deserves better treatment than any moralising attempt to show the logical result. Just imagine the logical result of Christianity in the hands of clever anti-Christians! On behalf, then, of those "unwritten laws, eternal in the heavens"—(by the by, has Mr. Gow forgotten the plot of the Antigone?)—I think we can, as idealists, let poor aberrant eccentrics work out "results" to the best of their own ability, without our pointing "results" out to them, and so, perchance, tempting them to be martyrs. If they become particularly objectionable, and our faith in God can suggest nothing else, we may, perhaps, have to use force. But even force is better than fallacious argument. In any case, it is only fair to see how opinions will develop their own "results" before we stigmatize them for "results" invented for them.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST A. PICKERING.

Gee Cross, Hyde, August 8, 1911.

#### TUBERCULOSIS AND OUR MILK SUPPLY.

SIR,—In your interesting notes you have occasionally alluded to the Report of the Commission on Tuberculosis, and to the fact that Mr. Burns proposes to bring in a Bill dealing with the question of milk. I therefore ask you to allow me a little of your space in which to mention what I believe is a fact—that the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, after ten years' work, failed to establish a single case of consumption in a human being as the result of drinking cows' milk. There are, I believe, many people who think, like myself, that if cows' milk were one of the sources of human consumption, it would be very easy to produce instances of children drinking it in large quantities who suffered from consumption, presumably because of the milk they drank, and other instances of children having little or no milk who were quite immune from consumption. I believe, however, that investigation will prove that the facts are the other way; that those children who get much milk are less liable to consumption than those children who get little or no milk. The theory of the Royal Commission appears to be that there is a

bacillus that produces consumption, but with the expenditure of £75,000 and ten years of labour they have absolutely failed to produce any evidence worth considering in support of that conclusion; whereas Dr. Creighton, in his book "Contributions to the Physiological Theory of Tuberculosis," gives strong reasons to show that the cause of consumption is physiological.

It is a somewhat striking commentary on the theory that consumption is due to a bacillus, that the same bacillus can be found in grass, and is often not found in the severest cases of tuberculosis.

I therefore sincerely hope that there will be no legislation calculated to deprive the people of cheap milk, founded upon a theory the absurdity of which has been amply demonstrated.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria-street, Westminster,

Aug. 4, 1911.

#### BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

##### WAR ITS OWN CONDEMNATION.\*

FOUR prominent facts confront us as we survey the history of war—the large place it has filled in human life, the tendency of civilisation to decrease its area and frequency, its incompatibility with the growth of commerce and international relations, and the certainty that the very perfection of warfare must ultimately arrest it. Each of these facts finds ample proof and illustration in Mr. G. H. Perris's admirable "Short History of War and Peace." The large place occupied by war in the world's history is certainly a startling fact. One almost wonders what, at some periods, men at large would have found to do, if they had left off killing and preparing to kill each other. But the extent of war in earlier times is one of the greatest disproofs of its value as a national asset and consolidating force. For those grand ancient civilisations—Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman—built on war, quickly perished by the very power that created them. Like the later conquests of Charlemagne and Napoleon, they literally exemplified Christ's word, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." "The astonishing thing," as Mr. Perris says, "is not that Babylon should have fallen into decay, and be now dust," but that "slave tillage and the plunder of neighbouring lands should have maintained it the glorious centre of the known world through thirty centuries..." (p. 31). And the same may be said of other ancient empires. What a renowned military career Egypt once enjoyed; but though the land of Egypt remains, its martial glory has long since departed.

The tendency of civilisation to decrease the area and frequency of war affords further and even more direct evidence of its abnormal character as a destructive

element in social life. War may have employed industry, commerce, learning, and science, but it was inimical to them as ends in themselves. Speaking of quite early times Mr. Perris says: "Warfare, always wasteful, has become ruinously so. To the expansion of co-operative industry and commerce, on the other hand, no bounds can be set. The extent to which a state has transferred its activity from the former field to the latter is the measure of its civilisation" (p. 21). In later ages, this contrast became still more intensified. As man's higher instincts developed, war not only declined in interest and ferocity, but lost all its prestige as a unifying force. "The Greece we all worship," says Mr. Perris, "is not the far spreading empire of Alexander, but the group of related, autonomous city states, where intelligence and commercial skill were qualities of citizenship, and citizenship was the essence of civilisation. . . The Greek triunity of Reason, Righteousness and Beauty are the articles of a spiritual empire before which all the material achievements of Macedon and Rome are as dust in the balance" (pp. 54, 55).

That the perfection of warfare must eventually arrest it remains to be proved, but there are not wanting signs that this is only a question of time. Ever since the introduction of gunpowder, "used at Crecy to frighten the French horses," in 1346, the torch, so to speak was lighted which must, in the end, destroy the power behind it. The continuous growth in the deadly nature of armaments—the percussion cap substituted for the flint-lock; the inventions of the German needle-gun, which behaved perfectly, of the accurate Minié bullet, of the Armstrong cannon, first used in the Crimea; of the breach-loader; of the magazine rifle, show no sign of decrease, but, on the contrary, advance in diabolic intensity daily. With smokeless powder, and modern long-range guns, vessels can now be sunk at four miles' distance, without the assailant, perhaps, being even seen; while the destructive powers of the torpedo boat and submarine can hardly yet be imagined. The effects in the past, of "weapons of precision," as told by Mr. Perris, is a truly sickening story. But Napoleon's and Bismarck's holocausts—probably five millions in the first case, and 80,000 in the second—are small compared with the sacrifice of life which the "death dealing efficiency" of modern weapons would demand in any similar campaigns. Other causes—strategical and financial—also seem to converge together to mark the beginning of the end of war. "Warfare," says Mr. Perris, speaking of to-day, "will drag on more slowly than ever. The numbers of men and the field of operations will be so large that the genius of the best generals will be incapable of controlling them. . . The hey-day of warfare lay in the infancy of firearms, when, a bold and calculating commander could direct quick marches, cavalry charges, strategical demonstrations of all kinds. But this strategy is as dead as Napoleon. . . Soldiers of genius no longer appear, because the environment is unfavourable, the demand has failed. Othello's occupation's gone. The mechanism of war has killed the art of war. . ." (pp. 231-3).

\* A Short History of War and Peace, By G. H. Perris. Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.



## THE MEANING OF DEATH.

MAN alone of all created beings is ever at war with himself. Animals we feel give full expression to themselves in their actions; in his joy or his anger the whole being of the dog comes out; his tail wags, his eyes shine, or his hair bristles, and his entire body quivers with snarls and growls; there is no part of him that hangs back, self-critical, deprecatory, irresolute. But man in inventing language has become endowed with a second mode of expression which is often widely at variance with the first. Moreover, language expresses the thoughts of the master spirits; it frequently does not express the thoughts of those who use it; it has become stereotyped; we repeat the phrases, but our heart is not in them.

Nowhere is this contradiction in man more clearly seen than in his treatment of death. Death is the gateway to a glorious resurrection: "O Death, where is thy sting; O Grave, where is thy victory?" Such are the words upon our lips. But do we think of this glorious adventure that awaits us all? Do we look forward to it with joyful anticipation? Does its presence uplift our spirit? Do we put on our best attire and walk with high head and lightsome step? No, we shut it from our thoughts, we fight against its coming: all that a man hath will he give for his life. When the inevitable arrives, we darken our house, we shut out light and joy, we clothe ourselves in black, we talk in subdued voices, all is done to promote feelings of gloom and sadness.

Probably our actions express our real feelings. We are in the presence of an inscrutable mystery, we have lost a sweet companionship: a wind has passed, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more! Draw down the blinds, therefore, and let our faces be turned to the wall. Terror dwells with the unknown; the awe that attends the presence of death and the overwhelming strength of the emotions that are aroused have hitherto prevented any scientific inquiry into its nature. Yet past history has taught us that when knowledge lights our path we advance with assured step, and the bogies of our fancy become our willing servants. Lightning, fire, wind, and water have by the wand of knowledge been transformed from the enemies to the friends of man. May it not be the same with death? Familiar though its presence is, we are strangely ignorant of the real nature of death, a fact which is forcibly brought out in a recent remarkable book on the subject by Mr. Hereward Carrington and Mr. John R. Meader.\* The book is divided into three parts, Physiological, Historical, and Psychological. The third part treats of the moment of dying, visions of the dying, and the whole region of the occult as it bears on death and the future state. As the authors point out in the introduction, they have presented a considerable quantity of material tending to show that consciousness does persist and that personal identity is assured to us in an after life.

In the physiological section, which in its entirety is of very great interest, we have two noteworthy chapters in which the authors have dissociated themselves in order each to express his own theory of the real nature of death. Briefly put, Mr. Carrington's theory is that life in its physical manifestation is a species of vibration, and that death is "the inability of the life force to raise to the requisite rate of vibration the nervous tissue upon which it acts—its manifestation being thus rendered impossible." As light would jump into invisibility were we suddenly to increase its rate of vibration, so in certain circumstances may life become invisible and intangible and cease to function on this plane where it is visible or sensible to us. Mr. Meader's theory is not inconsistent with Mr. Carrington's; it emphasises a different but not necessarily hostile point of view. According to him, death is simply a habit engrained in the constitution of the race. Our body is a self-renewing machine which might well seem calculated to go on forever. The old man's body is really no older than the child's, but he thinks it is; he gives up his active habits, and resigns himself to be set aside; and finally he dies, mainly from the auto-suggestion of death. Both theories are well supported by illustration and argument, and both will be found to repay serious consideration.

A chapter of great practical importance is that which deals with premature burial. After the citation of numerous cases tending to show that the danger is by no means an imaginary one, the authors describe the efforts to prevent the occurrence of such a catastrophe. It appears that in the chief countries of the Continent of Europe an expert examination of the apparently dead is required independently of that of the attending physician. The subject is now being taken up by the legislatures of the United States, and we cordially join with the authors in their expressed hope that the publication of their book will help to stimulate public interest in this direction, and help to initiate some widespread movement for the prevention of such horrible cases as those described.

## CAMBRIDGE COMMENTARIES.\*

No more useful volumes have been published in the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges than the first two books before us. No introduction to the Pentateuch is included in any similar series of popular commentaries in English, and the value of Mr. Chapman's text book, especially to those unacquainted with larger works on the subject, is really great. The entire discussion is on a high level, and the appendices are welcome, particularly one which illustrates the methods

\* Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges:—  
An Introduction to the Pentateuch. By A. T. Chapman, M.A. 3s. 6d. net.  
Exodus. Introduction and Notes by Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. 3s. 6d. net.  
Numbers. Introduction and Notes by A. H. McNeile, D.D. 2s. 6d. net.  
The Revised Version for Schools:—  
Joshua. Ed. by the Rev. P. J. Boyer, M.A. 1s. 6d. net.  
James and Hebrews. Ed. by the Rev. Arthur Carr, M.A. 1s. 6d. net.

of the scribes in the Pentateuch by the practice of medieval chroniclers, Arabic historians, Christian evangelists, &c. It is, perhaps, some reflection on English scholarship generally that an appendix should be thought necessary to prove that no words of Jesus foreclose the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch.

Dr. Driver's volume is an example of what is best in modern critical work on the Old Testament. No difficulties are glossed over, and recent discoveries in archæology are pressed into the service of the exegete. The result is that the story of the pilgrimage from Egypt to Canaan becomes a fascinating one, and the laws in Exodus gain in interest as well as in intelligibility. Dr. Driver's indebtedness to Dillman is obvious and acknowledged, but all authorities are used as by a master.

If "Numbers" is by no means so full or so satisfactory as "Exodus," that is only saying what might be said of almost any other volume in the series save those by Dr. Driver himself. Dr. McNeile's is certainly a competent and useful commentary. The two volumes in the smaller series are of a different order from those thus briefly and inadequately noticed. Partly this is due to the class of readers for whom they are designed. Yet it is significant that the New Testament volume is the less thorough. As compared with the work done by commentators on Hebrew scriptures, this is true, in general, of all exegesis of Christian scriptures in our popular commentaries. What is urgently needed is a brief treatment of the New Testament by liberal Scholars which shall give us books rivaling the best of the Old Testament commentaries in the Century Bible and the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The last two volumes in the edition for the use of schools will, doubtless, be welcomed by teachers. They have the virtues of good text-books.

## PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES' LAST BOOK.\*

ALTHOUGH this book does not contain much that will be new to readers of Professor James' former works on "The Truth of Pragmatism," and "A Pluralistic Universe," it will be welcomed both by disciples and critics of the apostle of "Pragmatism." Everything that William James wrote is interesting; and a pathetic interest attaches to the present volume, because it gives us all that he had succeeded in writing—from March, 1909, to his death in August, 1910—of what was intended to be an introductory text-book for students in metaphysics. The completion of this book was his dearest ambition. In a memorandum attached to the manuscript he said: "Say it is fragmentary and unrevised; call it 'a beginning of an introduction to philosophy'; say that I hoped by it to round out my system, which now is too much like an arch built only on one side."

\* Some Problems of Philosophy: A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy. By William James. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 4s. 6d. net.

\* Death: Its Causes and Phenomena. By Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. Wm. Rider & Son, 8s. 6d. net.



In a footnote following some paragraphs which refer to Charles Renouvier, the greatest French thinker of the nineteenth century, Professor James observes: "I think that Renouvier made mistakes, and I find his whole philosophic manner and apparatus too scholastic. But he was one of the greatest of philosophic characters, and but for the decisive impression made upon me in the seventies by his masterly advocacy of pluralism, I might never have got free from the monistic superstition under which I had grown up. The present volume, in short, might never have been written." The arguments contained in the volume before us, if "unrevised," are by no means merely "fragmentary." The earlier chapters advocate the "Pragmatist" principle that the significance of ideas consists in the practical control which they give us of the details of experience; and three central chapters on "the One and the Many" expound the opposition of Monism and Pluralism, and introduce what is here called "The Problem of Novelty," that is to say, the question whether the universe exists eternally as a finished system or is in process of growth with openings for personal initiative and free beginnings. Professor James proceeds to argue with all the force of his temperament for the latter alternative.

#### "FIRST CORINTHIANS."\*

EVERY volume of the International Critical Commentary is awaited with interest and treated with respect. The last possesses a peculiar attractiveness for more reasons than one. Corinthians is one of the four great Epistles of Paul, whose authority is established by external and internal evidence alike. It sheds a clear light upon the social life of a commercial city with a mixed population. It affords us knowledge of the constitution and character of the early Church, and is a valuable original source for the student of Christian doctrine. More than all, it is a letter, powerful and personal, written by Paul to his wayward converts in Corinth, and contains the noblest hymn to love in any language.

The difficulties of understanding the Epistle are well known. It is not the first letter written to the Corinthians, any more than our second Epistle is the second letter addressed to the same. In all we can trace four letters from Paul. The first is supposed by some scholars to survive in 2 Cor. vi. 14-vii. 1; though this is not admitted by our authors. The third is a letter coming between our first and second, and by almost general consent, preserved in 2 Cor. x. 1-xiii. 10. In some ways it is unfortunate that the scheme of this series of commentaries prevents a single introduction to the Corinthian correspondence as a whole being given in one book. Again, the number and result of Paul's visits to Corinth constitute a second problem. These matters are, however, largely historical and local in their

reference. A divine handles with more zeal but scarcely with less difficulty the doctrinal passages in the first letter. Paul's Christology, his resurrection theory, the nature and efficacy of the Eucharist, these and other points are discussed by the Apostle, not in such detail and precision as we desire, but in a way best suited to the thought and life of the Corinthian Church. Consequently, more than one view of Paul's meaning is permissible, and it is one of the merits of this commentary that other interpretations are offered besides that which is preferred. In this connection it may be added that the note on the Christ party attached to the close of chapter xii. would have been more in place with the comments upon chapter i. 12.

Many people more engaged with politics than with doctrine readily discuss Paul's remarks upon the position of women in the Church. No explanation can make the man who preached against the bondage of the law into an emancipator from the serfdom of sex, and here it is not attempted. In this Epistle, Paul exhibits himself as Rabbi and Reformer, Prophet and Statesman, and to the modern mind he is naturally not equally authoritative in all capacities.

The latest commentary upon 1 Corinthians has many admirable features. The paraphrases before each section are excellent, and textual questions are well treated. The introduction is neither so strongly written nor so comprehensive as might be the case, and the arrangement of the book is capable of some improvement. But it is safe to say that the volume will fulfil the hope of its authors, and "have a usefulness of its own to students of St. Paul."

### FOR THE CHILDREN.

#### THE BIRD THAT NEVER FLEW.

WHEN I was young, many, many years ago now, we children were taught by our father to respect birds and their nests. There has been so much written in THE INQUIRER this year upon the subject, that perhaps you will wonder why I mention such a piece of tender-heartedness at all. Surely there is nothing wonderful about that!

Not now, no, I am glad to say. Every year we humans are beginning, I humbly hope, to see more clearly that animals have their rights in this beautiful world, and we are also trying harder to respect those rights, and to teach others to respect them, too. But at the time I am thinking of people did not care so much. Ours was the only schoolroom in my recollection that was not ornamented (?) with strings of birds' eggs. Now, I think, there are very few families that would not be rather ashamed of such things. A far better thing, if you want to make a collection, (which, indeed, carefully done, is a beautiful and interesting object) is to put yourself on honour to take only one egg from each nest, and to take it with a spoon (I don't mean *eat* it! I mean, lift it out of the nest with a spoon, so as not to leave

any faintest scent of your hand to frighten the parent birds away.) Eggs in themselves are really exquisite, so delicately shaped and tinted. I have had good fun being shown a boy's collection, and being told the story of how each was obtained. For instance, one, of a rather rare hawk, had come from a nest at the top of a ruined castle on an island in a lake in Galway. There was no possibility of climbing the castle wall, it offered no foothold. Naturally there was no ladder, but there chanced to be a rope in the boat which had brought the boy across the lake. This he contrived to throw over the top of the ruin, and to fasten at the other side, and then, for one who had had a good deal of "gym" training, it was easy work to get at that nest. The egg, I believe, was brought down in the boy's mouth, not always a successful plan, however.

I have often wondered how it is that in spite of the enormous number of nests that are made every year, and the enormous number of eggs that are deposited therein, birds don't seem to increase more than they do; and I cannot notice much difference, either, now that boys have to so large an extent given up plundering nests. Just opposite this house there is an oak, and every year towards autumn we watch a pretty creeper running busily up and down, here and there tapping the bark with its long slender beak for the insects it lives on. But we never see more than one at a time. So with the goldfinches that haunt the same tree. Year after year these two species live there, and nest and bring out their young. What becomes of them? What becomes of their descendants? Say each pair of birds brings out only four young ones; should not those four increase to eight the following year; then 16, then 32, and so on? Indeed, as many little birds hatch twice, thrice, and even oftener in a year; and as some, such as the titmice, lay not four eggs only, but 8, 12, and even 16 eggs in their nests, the wonder is that they have not crowded us out altogether! Indeed, I have heard of a wren's nest that contained 18 eggs! I did not see it, however.

But to go back to the question of the birds and their numbers. This was discussed some years ago in an American magazine by John Burroughs, under the title "The Tragedy of the Nests." He gave a great many curious instances, showing all the dangers that young birds go through. I think one was (I have heard it from others, too) that heavy rain kills numbers of young swallows in their nests, because they are clay-built nests, and the wet cannot drain out of them, so that the little birds are drowned, or perish through cold and wet. Another fatal thing is that swallows with a late second brood will leave it to die when the time comes for migrating. The instinct to fly away south is stronger than the instinct to protect their young, who, I suppose, could not be saved anyway. There would be no suitable food for them here, and they would not be able for the long, long flight overseas.

But about the bird that never flew—and a full-grown, fully-fledged bird, too, and it living, free and healthy, in a nest in the wall of an old barn well out of reach of cat or humans. We used to watch that nest as we passed by; and one day we noticed,

\* The First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. By the Right Rev. Archd. Robertson, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 12s.



standing at the opening of the hole in which the nest was, a bird that looked as if it ought to fly away, or at least be taking lessons in that kind of thing ; but no ! there it stood, heavy and motionless, and rather lonesome-looking, too. We wondered, but went our way. I often wished afterwards that we had got a ladder or something, and had found out what was the matter. For when we came back and looked up again there was the poor little bird that never flew, hanging by one leg from the nest, with its head torn and bleeding, quite dead. We think, as it could scarcely have been a cat, that a hawk or magpie must have just killed it, and then been frightened away when we appeared. We managed then to get on a level with the nest, and found that the cause of the trouble was—a hair ! Only a hair ! The old birds had used a hair in the lining of that nest, and one end must have been loose and got round the leg of this little bird, and as it turned (as probably nestlings will) it was winding the hair round and round its leg, so that when we found it it was firmly tethered to the nest, quite powerless to get away. It was altogether curious ; the parent birds had evidently gone on feeding it for some time after their other children had flitted away in merry independence. But we fancied they must have given that up, tired of getting flies and grubs, and so on, for a bird so lazy as this one seemed to be. We thought it looking moped and deserted that last day, and perhaps to be killed by a hawk was no worse than if it had died lowly of hunger and thirst.

K. F. P.

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

**Special Notice to Correspondents.**—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

**Leeds : Mill Hill Chapel.**—A special meeting of the congregation of the Mill-hill chapel was held in the Priestley Hall on Monday, July 3, Alderman F. M. Lupton (chairman of the Chapel Committee) presiding. The following resolution was moved by Alderman F. J. Kitson and carried unanimously :—“That this meeting of the members of Mill-hill Chapel has heard with the greatest regret of the Rev. Charles Hargrove's intention to resign from the ministry of Mill-hill Chapel at the end of the year 1911. They desire to place on record their feelings of affection and respect for Mr. Hargrove, who has always been bound to the congregation by the strongest ties of love and friendship. They gratefully acknowledge during Mr. Hargrove's ministry, in a large measure due to his influence, that Mill-hill Chapel has always held a leading place in the Unitarian world. Moreover, they realise that Mr. Hargrove, by his ability, zeal, and devotion to the interests of his fellow-citizens, has gained and held a foremost position amongst the clergy and ministers of Leeds. The members of the congregation look forward with much grief to the termination of Mr. Hargrove's ministry, after the long period of thirty-five years. During this time Mr. Hargrove has faithfully given the best years of his life to the service of Mill-hill Chapel and the city of Leeds, and this meeting earnestly begs Mr. Hargrove to reconsider his resignation, with a view to continuing his ministry at

Mill Hill Chapel.” Mr. Hargrove has now sent the following reply, dated July 31 :—“My dear friends,—It was with much satisfaction and thankfulness that I received the resolution of the congregation, passed at the special meeting of July 3. Conscious as I am of very much wanting to the completeness of my services, whether as preacher or pastor, yet I cannot but rejoice that what I have done, however imperfect, has been so highly appreciated. Had the resolution been no more than an expression of ‘affection and respect’ on the part of the congregation, and a statement that it was ‘with much grief’ they looked forward to the termination of my ministry, I should have answered it at once, and told those who approved it how deeply I had been touched by such an expression of feeling, and the consolation it would be to me in leaving Leeds, and breaking the ties almost of a lifetime, to be assured that I took with me the love and esteem of those I had tried to serve. But the last clause of the resolution which ‘earnestly begs’ me to consider my resignation with a view to continuing my ministry, was one of a kind to which I found it impossible to reply without long and painful consideration. If I had thought only of my own ease or profit I should have had no difficulty. I could easily enough decide what would suit me best. But what is really important and ought only to be taken into account in coming to a conclusion on so weighty a matter, is the permanent interest of the congregation. Suppose all that was said in my praise were true, suppose that my services had been as wise and wholehearted as they have been long, suppose that the resolution commanded the heartfelt and enthusiastic assent of everyone, even so the question would still remain—Is it desirable that such a congregation as that of Mill-hill should continue under the ministry of a man who is old and growing older ? Is it not wiser, for his own sake and theirs, that he should resign while he is yet competent to appreciate the wisdom of such an act, rather than hold on till, perhaps, he will not be capable of fulfilling the duties and maintaining the honour of his office, and himself alone will not be aware of it ? I cannot any longer entertain a doubt as to the answer which must be made, and therefore feel that it would be wrong of me to change my well-considered decision. At the same time, I am painfully conscious that some deference is due to the very kind and gratifying request you make of me, and I have, therefore, decided to defer my resignation to the September of 1912, when, if I live so long, I shall have completed thirty-six years of ministry at Mill-hill, and spent just half my life in its service.—Yours very faithfully and affectionately, CHARLES HARGROVE.”

**Mansfield : Memorial to the late Mrs. Vaughan.**—At a service which was held recently at the Old Meeting House, Mansfield, a memorial tablet of embossed copper was unveiled to the memory of Mrs. Vaughan, wife of the Rev. F. H. Vaughan, who died last January. The tablet is the gift of the congregation, and is placed on the wall near the organ. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, and Mr. J. Harrop White unveiled the memorial. He referred to Mrs. Vaughan's rare intellectual attainments and wide literary knowledge, and to the lovable qualities which had endeared her to everybody. “We are met here this evening,” he said, “to commemorate a true woman, one who excelled in every capacity of life, whether it be as a wife, a mother, a member of society, or one of the religious community. As a member of society, Mrs. Vaughan was most desirous of doing everything in her power to alleviate and assist, especially those who were of her own sex. Had she been spared a little longer to live here she would have made a name and reputation for herself. She tried to do everything

she could to advance the interests of the poor and suffering. We, as members of this congregation, know what time she spared from her home in order to help the various institutions connected with this place. We cannot fail to recollect what she did, by her fine example and inspiration, for the services of this place, how she had grown to love the Old Meeting House, and how she delighted to adorn it and make it beautiful. Although we honour and revere the memory of Mrs. Vaughan for what she did, it was still more for what she was that we loved her. The simplicity of her character and affectionateness of her disposition endeared her to everyone with whom she came into contact. Those who knew her could not fail to honour and esteem her. Many noble souls have in the past worshipped within these hallowed walls, and to-night we add a memorial to one who is fit to take her place amongst the noblest and best of those who have worshipped here.”

**Norwich : Martineau Memorial Hall.**—Mr. J. R. Hope Pinker, the sculptor of the statue of Dr. Martineau which stands in the library of Manchester College, has executed and presented to the congregation of the Octagon Chapel a life-size medallion of the bust of Dr. Martineau, which has been fixed upon the wall of the Memorial Hall. At the close of the morning service on Sunday, August 6, the congregation gathered in the hall to inspect the work, and the minister, the Rev. Mortimer Rowe, briefly voiced the feelings of all concerning this welcome gift, after which a hearty vote of thanks and appreciation to the sculptor and donor was carried unanimously. The medallion is wrought in white marble, framed in a border of green opicalcrite, and represents Dr. Martineau in his later years. It bears a striking resemblance to the fine crayon drawing by Mrs. Basil Martineau which hangs on the wall of the church parlour, and which was made not long before Dr. Martineau's death.

**Stockton-on-Tees.**—The congregation of Wellington-street Church has sustained a great loss in the death of Miss M. E. Jackson, who was interred on August 4. Her life was a noble one, characterised by devotion to duty ; and following her vocation, that of a nurse, was to her a labour of love. She will be very sorely missed by all who knew her.

**Unitarian Van Mission.**—The past fortnight has been marked by much success for the Mission, and from all districts reports of large meetings have been received. In Northumberland the Rev. H. B. Smith finished with large audiences at Jarrow, and these were continued under the Rev. J. M. Whiteman. The van then moved to South Shields, where the Rev. H. F. Short was missionary, and again there were splendid gatherings, some of the best indeed of the season. The Yorkshire van spent a week at Elland, and in this town, where our cause has languished for years, very satisfactory meetings were met with. On the way to Bradford a call was made at Queensbury and Shelf, where the Rev. Clarke Lewis conducted meetings that, though small, were satisfactory for a scattered district. The Lancashire van came into Middleton just on the eve of a by-election, and this led to a change of plans and the loss of the good meetings which would have no doubt fallen to the lot of the Mission. Attempts were made on the south side of Manchester, and the Rev. G. C. Sharpe, who was missionary, invited the mission to his church at Longsight for Sunday night, and his congregation helped splendidly. Blackley was the next place on the programme, and here good meetings were held with the Revs. J. M. Mills and H. B. Smith as missionaries, in co-operation with the Rev. W. Holmshaw. In London there were very large meetings at Hounslow, where the Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Davies were missionaries, and afterwards at Hammersmith, where the Rev. F. Summers conducted most of the meetings.



## NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

## TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

The special correspondent of *The Times* reminds us that Somersby, with its quaint little fourteenth-century church, is almost as remote from the great world as it was in Tennyson's youth. It is six or seven miles distant from either Horncastle or Spilsby, the united parish has only 104 inhabitants, and its rural restfulness is not even disturbed by the presence of a public-house. The church was not large enough to hold all who had come to join in the thanksgiving service last Sunday. The picturesque rectory, to which Dr. Tennyson, the father of the poet, added an apartment resembling in its architecture a monkish refectory rather than a country rector's dining-room, still stands in much the same state as it appeared to Tennyson in his early years. It is no longer in ecclesiastical hands, for the Rectory is now at Bag-Enderby, a mile distant, which has been joined with the parish of Somersby. A caretaker, however, shows to visitors the room in which Tennyson wrote many of his early poems, and the house and garden retain many memories of the poet. The window of his attic looks towards a mill which inspired one of the most widely-known poems in the language, and is called in the district by no other name than that of "Tennyson's Brook."

## CANON RAWNSLEY'S TENNYSON STORIES.

At the meeting of commemoration which took place in a field at Somersby, last Monday, Canon Rawnsley entertained the company greatly with stories of the poet which had been told him in former days by old inhabitants. Alfred was a "rough 'un" as a boy in the opinion of the old women, but he was fond of going to see the poor people in their homes and of reading to them. According to an old man who lived near Gibraltar Point, on the Lincolnshire coast, "Mr. Alfred was a regular boy for the cats. My wife," he said, "would call out 'Here's Mr. Alfred coming,' and she would open the door and let the cat out. The cat, poor thing, went up the smoke-hole once when he came in at the door. Cats," the old man added, "is sensible things, and they know who's who."

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Talking to this man's wife, Canon Rawnsley mentioned that Tennyson was worth some thousands of pounds. "Nay," the woman replied, "you must be mistaken—surely it's hundreds, not thousands. Well, I never! Why, you know in those days we thought he was daft, poor thing. He was always rambling off quite by himself w/out a coat to his back and w/out a hat to his head nor nowt. My man, who was a fiddler bit of a fellow, was once coming home in the morning early from a dance, and who should he light upon but Mr. Alfred a-ravin' and a-tearin' upon the sandhills in his shirt sleeves. Mr. Alfred said, 'Good morning,' and my man said, 'Thou poor fool, thou doesn't know morning from night'; for you know, sir, in those days we all thought him crazed."

## THE EDUCATION OF AN EMPEROR.

The wording of the Imperial Edict containing instructions for the education of the young Emperor of China is rather quaint, but it appears that he is to be well educated in the best sense of the term, and that special attention is to be paid to scientific and political subjects, and the moral teachings of Confucius. "We hereby order the Bureau of Astronomy to select a favourable day during the seventh moon when the Emperor may enter the Imperial Yeou-king Palace in order to pursue his studies," thus runs the decree; and the two imperial ministers who have been appointed tutors "shall instruct him night and day with the greatest care, and shall teach him all the sciences becoming a Royal personage, and also the histories of the different countries of the world, in order that our Emperor may grow strong in knowledge."

## THE SEAL TRADE.

For many years (says the *Animals' Friend*) public attention has been called to the revolting methods employed in obtaining sealskin, and we are glad to see that, by agreement with the interested parties, the worst form of slaughter—known as pelagic sealing—is to be made illegal. The pelagic or open sea sealing has been fully described by Mr. J. Collinson in his pamphlet "How Sealskins are Obtained," from which we gather that the killing of seals in the sea leads to the extirpation of the herds and to unimaginable suffering to nursing mothers and the abandoned pups. In 1897 it was estimated that since pelagic sealing began upwards of 300,000 young seals have died a lingering death from starvation as the result, and that for every adult seal captured at sea, five, on the average, are destroyed. The new international agreement which makes this pelagic sealing illegal is to last for fifteen years, and though the causes which have led to it are commercial and not humane, we may be grateful for the respite.

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In the meantime the land sealing, as carried on by the Government of the United States, is to continue, apparently without any attempt to humanise the methods of slaughter. Though the American sealers do not slaughter the mother seals and their helpless young, their methods of driving and clubbing constitute a very dark blot upon the boasted civilisation of the twentieth century. The prohibition of pelagic sealing is a step in the right direction, but much yet remains to be done, and the objections of all true animal lovers to the wearing of sealskin

as an article of dress are just as forcible to-day as they have been from the first.

## THE FASHION FOR WATER DRINKING.

At the annual breakfast of the National Temperance League held in connection with the meetings of the British Medical Association in Birmingham, Professor Robert Saundby, the newly-elected President of the Association, commented on the great change of opinion which had taken place in England during the last ten or fifteen years in regard to drinking water. A few years ago the water drinker was looked upon as an eccentric, even in temperance circles, because although they did not drink alcohol they drank all sorts of temperance drinks. They did not seem to like to drink water, but nowadays one found most men in the middle of the day drank that and nothing else with their luncheon. In all clubs there had been the greatest complaint in the falling off in the receipts in regard to alcoholic drinks due to this most excellent change of fashion, and he hoped that the fashion was one which was going to stay.

## A RIVERSIDE PARK.

It will be news to many that "nowhere between the Tower and the remote end of the Isle of Dogs have East Londoners any access to their river," and for that reason the proposal that is on foot to devote a part of the funds which have been accumulated for providing a memorial of King Edward to laying out a park on the site of old Shadwell Market should have substantial support. The need of an open space in this locality has been pointed out very strongly at various times, and the value of this particular site, by reason of its position on the river bank, is not to be measured in money. The "slow Thames," with its crowded shipping and blackened wharves, is full of mystery and beauty, and "when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil," as Whistler once wrote, "and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us," there are compensations even for those who live amid the squalor and grime of the East End.

## HOW NEW ZEALAND SOLVES THE DRINK PROBLEM.

New Zealand is to-day earnestly attempting, by scientific methods legislatively enforced, to eliminate in a new country the vices that have disfigured humanity in the older centres of the world's civilisation. The *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* published recently an interview with Sir John Findlay, New Zealand's Minister of Justice and Attorney-General, who visited London with Sir Joseph Ward to attend the Imperial Conference, explaining the new penal laws of that country, and illustrating how the reformation of New Zealand's criminals is aimed at instead of their punishment. The question of the scientific treatment of the drunkard has been very carefully considered by the New Zealand Government. The method first tried was to prohibit the victim of alcohol from getting liquor, and to enforce

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that prohibition by law. That is to say, a prohibition order could be issued by a magistrate on the application of the victim, his friends, or the police, prohibiting any hotel in New Zealand from supplying the man with alcoholic liquor. Although this method is still in force, experience has shown that its drink-restricting power is frequently evaded in spite of the heavy penalties imposed for providing prohibited persons with drink. The New Zealand Government, therefore, passed much more drastic legislation to control the drunkard and effect his reclamation where possible.

\* \* \*

Any persons in New Zealand to-day, the writer continues, may now be committed to an Inebriates' institution on his own application to the effect that he is unable to control his use of alcohol. The site of the inebriates' homes—there are two of them, one for men, and one for women—has been well chosen, with an eye to complete isolation. They are situated on two small islands in the great Hauraki Gulf, on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. "The situation of these islands," remarked Sir John Findlay, "entirely precludes the chance of the inmates getting strong drink. The homes are controlled by the Salvation Army, the State contributing not the whole, but the major portion of the cost of maintenance. A large number have been detained in them, and many have been released on my order, as Minister of Justice, from time to time. The result of the experiment has been quite satisfactory, although, as was inevitable, a certain number of those released gave way to their weakness again. The Salvation Army have done this work excellently. The inmates are engaged in suitable labour, and the atmosphere of the place is as little like a house of detention as possible. The main purpose we have in view is to build up the constitution again by regular work, fresh air, and plain, wholesome diet.

#### DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

The forty-fifth annual report of Dr. Barnardo's Homes is an attractive book, with numerous illustrations, full of interesting details about the good work which is being done among the destitute children of our slums. There seems to be no end to the philanthropic agencies which are run by the indefatigable workers associated with this institution, and if the need for money is as great as ever, it ought not to be difficult to procure it in an age like our own, when the social conscience is being stirred so deeply by a realisation of the misery which is still in our midst, if only the facts are brought home with sufficient emphasis to those who are in a position to help. Last year, the report tells us, a larger average than usual of destitute little ones gained admittance, 2,243 out of 10,162, or 22 per cent., while 572 were admitted temporarily. It must be remembered that a large proportion of those who are not admitted are helped in various ways—situations are found, clothes, boots or food are supplied, other institutions recommended, &c. The great bulk of the cases come from the cities, the worst and most numerous of all from provincial manufacturing and seaport centres.

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